

## THE CHANUTE TIMES.

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CHANUTE, KANSAS.

### KANSAS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Many more Kansas farmers had a merry Christmas this year than last year.

The Winfield foot ball team is charged with "backing down" by the Arkansas City team.

An exchange remarks that the man who gets the fewest letters complains most of the postoffice; the man who complains most of his neighbor is the meanest neighbor, and the man who has the least sense is the most conceited. It may also be added that the man who borrows his neighbor's paper has the most fault to find with the way it is run.

A somewhat novel business transaction all around occurred at Leavenworth over two months ago when Jessie George called on a loan agent and asked for a loan of \$20 with which to go to Oklahoma. He sat down to the desk and drew up a note and a bill of sale of his library on the back of it and took the \$20 and departed. About two months later he sent the lender a letter, endorsing his check for \$25, saying he had not time to call, and adding: "I trust this will be satisfactory." The "money shark" sent him his note by letter, enclosing his check for \$3, saying that his conscience was not sufficiently elastic to permit the acceptance of such a robust commission and advised him to be less generous and more guarded in business affairs in future.

F. D. Coburn, secretary of the Kansas state board of agriculture, has prepared for general circulation a glazed card printed in purple ink with the heading "Kansas" on top, the letters being made of ears of corn and heads of wheat and beneath a table showing that the value of the agricultural products in Kansas for 1897 was \$135,335,258, that the value of live stock is \$94,074,885, and that during the year the people of the state have paid off \$5,000,000 of bank indebtedness and \$25,000,000 of mortgages. There are people in the east who believe that mortgages are never paid off in Kansas. Such a belief cannot maintain itself in the face of the splendid record made by the people of Kansas this year. They are just like other people. They pay when they have money to pay with.

After two years of suspense, it is now certain that the Kansas, Oklahoma Central & Southwestern railroad from Coffeyville, Kansas, to Vernon, Texas, by way of Guthrie and El Reno will be instructed, and it is not improbable that six months will see the roadbed completed. The Oklahoma Central has been hampered, owing to lack of proper backing since its inception. Two years ago the late Secretary Robert Martin made a special trip to Europe to float the bonds of the road, but was unsuccessful. The company has a franchise and is fully equipped for operations. Lately Geo. Gould has taken an interest in the scheme for making a Missouri Pacific connecting link with Northern Texas, through the territories, and it is stated on unquestioned authority that he will build the road. Orders have been issued from New York to perfect the survey of the road and begin active work. It is stated that orders for ties and iron have already been placed. As evidence corroborating these statements, officials of the Central are now in the field examining the survey.

On December 21st James Claire, of Paola, committed suicide at his home by shooting himself with a revolver. Claire was 28 years old and until recently had been working as a harvest hand in western Kansas. His act was due to despondency.

In sight of Alton there are about 1,500 hundred head of cattle feeding, requiring much corn, hay and other products of the farm. Besides making these products in demand, it naturally forces the consumer to pay the highest market prices for everything.

There is a project on foot throughout Osage county looking to the organization of a Women's Relief corps county reunion association. The object of the new society is to bring the different G. A. R. post auxiliaries in closer touch by holding annual county reunions, changing the place of meeting each year.

During the past week many Oklahoma prisoners have arrived at Leavenworth from which place they will be taken to the Kansas state penitentiary at Lansing.

The steam heating system in the round house at Newton is being run in a peculiar manner. The pipe line from the round house to the back shop is not in working order and it is impossible to get steam from the boilers to the shop. It is too cold not to have heat of some kind, so it was decided to connect an engine with the pipes to furnish the necessary system. Engine 55 is furnishing the necessary steam to keep the round house warm.

A new omnibus is an evidence of prosperity at Horton.

Two parties have died at Elk City as a result of drinking rough on rats with coffee. Two more parties are very ill from its effect and are expected to die. The fifth, which made up the party, will probably recover. The poison article was placed in the knife box and sifted through into the coffee with the above results.

A Rooks county farmer, who has done as much to reclaim the prairies of western Kansas by his constant talk and practice of irrigation, as anybody, will set out in the spring on his Bow creek irrigation ranch 5,000 peach trees, 1,000 apple trees, 500 cherry trees, and will make a test of German prunes. He will also start a five acre strawberry patch, all of which he intends to grow by irrigation. His system of irrigation, on Bow creek, in Rooks county, produces 200 gallons a second. Eight acres of sugar beets yielded over 6,000 bushels, which he is feeding to his stock. His alfalfa yielded him five tons to the acre. If the season is favorable he will plant a number of acres in potatoes and cabbage next spring.

In the engagement next week at the Crawford Grand, Wichita, of Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown," talented and eccentric Frank Lane will appear with the merriest company that ever played in Hoyt's successful farce-comedy. Singers, dancers and competent actors will compose the cast, and they are not selected from schools of acting either, but are true and tried professionals, selected from the highest order of stage talent. Also remember that every bit or piece of scenery and properties used on the stage mostly are carried by the company, and are direct models from Hoyt's Theatre, New York City, that were originally used, with real doors, substantial partitions, and in fact all the appurtenances. Everything practical besides, and everything is new and attractive—even to the costumes of the players, particularly the women's gowns, which are cut and designed from the original French models for this winter's fashions. This engagement will assuredly be a treat for theatre-goers, as the company is managed in an up-to-date manner by the forces attached to Messrs. Hoyt & McKee's Madison Square Theatre, New York City. Sale of seats will open Saturday.

R. E. Bond of Erie, has invented and patented a novelty in cyclone retreats which is attracting considerable attention. He calls it a "disappearing stormhouse," and it consists of a water-tight casing about nine feet deep and six feet square, having bevelled sills around the top and a post standing in the center, the casing being into the ground, so that the bevelled sills come even with the surface. A cage or elevator car, is made to move up and down in this casing, a hole being in the floor of this cage to allow the center post to pass through. The roof projects over the sides of the cage about five inches, which, when sunk into the ground, fits snugly over the bevelled sills of the casing, thus making it impossible for water or wind to enter. The cage when not in use stands constantly above the ground, and is held in position by four bolts, which are located under the cage floor and controlled by a lever, one movement of which moves all four of the bolts. When the floor of the cage is even with the surface of the ground, by moving the lever the bolts are thrust out into mortises made in the sill at the top of casing, thus locking the cage. The cage remains in this position when not in use. When it is wanted for use it is only necessary to enter the cage, move the bolt lever, and the cage, being equipped with a governor, descends to the bottom of the casing or pit.

This is indeed sublime winter weather.

An unsuccessful attempt was made recently to burglarize the residence of ex-Governor Geo. W. Glick at Atchison. Two burglars had just effected an entrance through a window, when James W. Orr, an attorney, happened along, returning home from lodge. Orr made a rush for the burglars but they escaped. This is the second time Orr has chased burglars away from the Glick residence, having previously shot at a crook who had opened a window.

Kansas is just as good as any state in the Union.

The scarcity of water at Edgerton necessitates the running of the Santa Fe water train from Argentine regularly every day. How long this will continue cannot be foretold. There was trouble at Edgerton last week with the water freezing. The cold weather has also caused some of the telegraph wires along the lines to snap but aside from these difficulties the road has experienced no other trouble from the cold weather.

Within a distance of five blocks some boys in Wellington have killed fifty rabbits. They raked \$1.50 out of the county treasury for scalps.

J. H. Martindale, a prominent hardware dealer of Scranton, twenty miles south of Topeka, was found frozen to death on the 17th inst. He had started to drive to Overbrook with a companion. Late in the night he left the buggy to go back and hunt for a lap robe. He lost his way and was found by his friends, who had organized searching parties, dead, as stated.

Bert Oren and George Omen, prisoners in the Rooks county jail, charged with horse stealing, broke out by unlocking the door with a key made from the handle of the tin dipper used in the jail, and up to this time their whereabouts is unknown. They left a note on the table stating that Sheriff Shorthill had been very kind to them, and his kindness was duly appreciated, and as they didn't appear to have any other friends there, they intended to go where they had them. At one time Oren was serving a sentence in the Phillips county jail, and succeeded in making his escape.

William Altman, a prominent farmer of Cheyenne county, has just been taken to the state penitentiary to serve a two years' term for larceny. In some way he was seized with a man for stealing harness. Within the past three months more than 20 farmers have been robbed of harness. The man stole harness simply for pastime. Every time he would steal a set he would take it to his farm and burn it and throw the buckles and castings into the well. Altman declared that he could not help stealing harness. He said that it might be a good thing for him to go to prison for awhile; it might break him of the habit.

Mrs. Phoebe Bare, superintendent of the industrial school for girls at Beloit, proposes to make an example of people who aid girl inmates of that institution to escape. A few weeks ago a couple of girls escaped, and it was found that they had been aided in getting away by a couple of young men from Cloud county. The girls were afterward recaptured and taken back. Mrs. Bare has caused warrants to be issued for the arrest of the young men, and they will be taken into custody immediately. She has received an opinion from the attorney general that the girls can be used as witnesses in the case. Attorney General Boyle has promised to assist in the prosecution.

A number of local capitalists at Leavenworth are interested in the organization of a new gas company, which will be incorporated about the first of January, with a sufficient capital to insure the erection of a gas plant which will furnish ample supply of gas for all subscribers. The popularity of the new company will be insured when it is known that it is proposed to furnish dollar gas, for public and private consumption. The consumer will welcome this innovation, and will accord hearty support to the new movement. As a preliminary to the organization of the new company a paper is now in circulation inviting the signatures of persons who would make contracts with the new company. Many signatures have been obtained and the projectors are jubilant over the prospects of the new corporation.

Many mortgages have been paid off this year, and many old debts accumulated by the farmers during crop failing years have been settled. Much money has been invested in new buildings and much needed improvements added to make the farm surroundings comfortable. Much money has been put in young stock and many farms are now well stocked that have never been before. The average farmer is just as easily encouraged as he is discouraged, and now that he is on top he proposes to improve his opportunities and remain there. Many eastern people are envying the western farmer and his lot. There is more money to be made out of stock in this western country than in any other section on the globe, owing to its vast advantages over other countries not so favored with the pasturage, watering facilities, climate, etc. This western country is the garden of Eden, the farmer and his companion being "Adam and Eve."

Fish in Labette creek, Labette county, have been killed by thousands since the recent cold snap. The water is lower than ever before known, and the fish are in pools containing only a few inches of water, and the last freeze killed them. The banks are lined with half devoured fish, which have attracted muskrats, coons and other animals.

The Beloit ice plant having fallen through for this season, the several ice have commenced to put up ice for the coming season.

The farmers of Barton county, now that wheat seeding is a thing of the past, are devoting their spare time to shooting jack rabbits. The method of hunting them followed by the majority of the hunters is for six persons to combine, two of them having teams and wagons. One team of young men from the western edge of the county bagged 1,649 rabbits in two days and a half last week. The rabbits are shipped by the dealers of the county direct to the New York markets. An average of about two car loads a week are shipped out of Barton county.

Many of the farmers in Western Kansas will give more attention to irrigation in the future. It has proven so successful and beneficial where it has been tried that many of the farmers are becoming deeply interested in this enterprise, which can be conducted to their profits.

The alfalfa industry is taking the place of the kafir corn fields, although they are both considered excellent food for stock. Both of these products have been tried with general satisfaction.

## George Caulfield's Journey

By Miss A. E. Braddon.

### CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

The hall was tessellated; the drawing room was brilliant in color, and painfully new. Here Mr. Leworthy sat waiting for the master of the house, while a young lady in an adjacent chamber favored him with a solfeggio exercise, which strained to the uttermost a somewhat acid voice.

"I wonder whether that is the bride singing," speculated the vicar, "and I wonder if she is very much attached to a gentleman. Rather hard lines for her, if she is fond of him, poor child!"

At last Mr. Umpleby appeared, plethoric, rubicund, pompous.

"Happy to have the honor of making your acquaintance, vicar," he said. "I have long known you by repute."

"Everyone in Grandchester does that," answered Leworthy, pleasantly; "I have been too often in hot water not to be pretty well known."

"Impossible to please every one," murmured Mr. Umpleby.

"Precisely, and the man who tries it ends by pleasing no one. I have taken my own course, and though I've made a good many enemies, thank God I've made twice as many friends. Now, Mr. Umpleby, I must ask you to receive me with all good nature, and to believe that I mean well by you and yours, although I have come on a most unpleasant business."

The merchant looked uneasy. Another great firm gone wrong, perhaps; a question of a big bad debt.

"Is it a business matter?" he faltered.

"No, it is a family matter."

"Oh!" he said, with an air of relief, as if this were of minor importance.

"You are going to marry your daughter to-morrow?" said the vicar.

"I am."

"To your clerk, Mr. Foy?"

"Yes, sir. It is not the first time that a merchant's daughter has married her father's clerk, I believe, though it is out of the common course of things."

"I am here to beg you to postpone the marriage."

"On what grounds?"

"Before I tell you that, you must give me your promise to communicate nothing I tell you to Mr. Foy."

Mr. Umpleby hesitated.

"Mind, it is vital to you, as a father, to know what I have to tell."

Mr. Umpleby gave the required promise.

The vicar told his story, beginning with the scene at the railway station, ending with the story he had heard at Parminster.

"Were you aware that Foy had a sister?"

"I never heard him speak of one."

"Curious, that, in your future son-in-law."

Mr. Umpleby sat and stared into space like a man bewildered. He wiped his large, bald forehead with the biggest and most expensive thing in bandanas.

"This is a most frightful suspicion," he said; "a young woman poisoned—for you seem to think this young woman was poisoned. It is an awful position. Every arrangement has been made for the wedding, as you may suppose—guests invited—some of the best people in Grandchester. My wife and daughters have the highest opinion of young Foy. I may say they are infatuated about him. His conduct in business has been irreproachable. There must be some mistake—some ridiculous misunderstanding."

"I got Foy's address at your office, and at that address I heard of a sister of whose existence you are absolutely unaware. Do you think that speaks well for your intended son-in-law?"

"He may have had some powerful reason for concealing her existence. She may be weak in her intellect. She may have gone wrong. As for your idea of slow poisoning, that is too absurd."

"And you mean this young man to marry your daughter to-morrow morning?"

"What am I to do? I never cared about the match. I have been persuaded into giving my consent. My girl had a right to look higher. But to stop the marriage now would be—"

"Simply prudent. Investigate the case as I have put it before you. If I am deceived—if Foy is not the man who took that dying girl to the railway station—if Foy's sister, or a woman who passed as his sister, is not lying dead at Milldale, I will make the humblest apology to you and Mr. Foy for my baseless suspicions. You must take your own course. I want to save your daughter from sorrow and disgrace. Remember you have been warned. If Foy is the man I take him to be, the police will be dogging his heels to-morrow morning when he goes into the church to marry your daughter. Good afternoon. I have given you plain facts, and I have no time to spare for discussion."

Mr. Umpleby would fain have detained him, seeing he was in a hurry. He drove back to Grandchester, and to the headquarters of the police, to whom he reported his story. They had been at work all day, and had done very little. They had discovered a porter at the station who remembered the arrival of a gentleman and a sick lady in a plaid shawl. They had seen the woman who took charge of the ladies' waiting room, first class—always more crowded than the second class—and from her they had heard again of a sick lady in a plaid shawl, accompanied by a very

attentive gentleman, but she could give no account of the personal appearance of either. The lady's face was hidden by a veil, and there had been so many people rushing in and out just at the last that there had been no time for her to observe these two, who came in late. This much she knew, that the lady seemed in a kind of stupor, and the gentleman had to carry her in his arms.

Once furnished with a clew, professional intelligence was quite equal to taking it up.

"This woman at Parminster must be taken to Milldale to identify the body," said the chief official in the detective line, "and we must watch this fellow Foy, so that he may not give us the slip."

"He is to be married to his employer's daughter to-morrow morning," said the vicar. "To leave Grandchester before to-morrow would be tantamount to a confession of his guilt. It would be throwing up the cards altogether."

"The symptoms you describe sound like arsenic poisoning," said the officer; and then he and his colleague whispered together for a minute or so.

"I don't think there's anything more I can do to-night," said the vicar.

"No, sir. You may leave everything in our hands."

"Precisely. But remember, if you don't want this young scoundrel to be married to a respectable young woman at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning you'll have to look sharp."

The vicar went back to the bosom of his family at Freshmead, thinking that he had done a pretty good day's work.

Before 10 o'clock that night two facts had been discovered in the biography of Mr. Foy—first, that exactly three years before he had been married at a registrar's office to Jane Dawson, spinster, daughter of John Dawson, master mariner; and secondly, that he, or a man exactly answering to his description, had bought small quantities of tartar emetic and small portions of laudanum at divers times within the last two months, and at several chemists' shops in the obscure streets of the great, busy town.

These two discoveries the police communicated to Mr. Umpleby late on the vigil of his daughter's wedding.

The evidence of the marriage was indisputable. Much as Mr. Umpleby was inclined to discredit the charge brought against his intended son-in-law, he could not disbelieve the legal proof of the marriage before the registrar; and convicted of having concealed a prior marriage, Mr. Foy's character appeared in a new and doubtful light.

"I'll put off the wedding," cried Umpleby, who had spent the evening marching about his house and garden in a state of suppressed agitation. "I won't have my daughter married to a liar and a trickster. There must be something wrong—no smoke without fire."

He sat down directly the detective had left him, and wrote with his own hand to those Grandchester magnates who had been bidden to the wedding. "Let these letters be delivered by hand before 8 o'clock to-morrow morning," he said, to the respectable man-of-all-work, who had been yawning dismally in a pantry at the back of the hall; "and let that letter be taken to Mr. Foy at the Crown Hotel."

Foy was to stop at a hotel in Grandchester on the eve of his wedding, in order to be on the ground early.

Mr. Umpleby felt a happier man after he had done this deed. He went up to bed more at ease with himself, but he did not awaken his slumbering wife to tell her the unpleasant news. There would be a scene in the morning, of course, with all these women—hysterics, fainting fits, recrimination, in which he, the husband and father, would get the worst of it.

Mrs. Umpleby's lavender moire antique, her brand-new Honiton shawl, were lying in state upon the sofa. Would any woman forgive a husband for upsetting the festival at which those splendors were to be worn? There had been fuss enough about the gown, about the breakfast, about every one of the wedding arrangements, and now, lo and behold, the fuss had been all for nothing!

"I never liked him," mused Mr. Umpleby. "It was the women who talked me over. To begin with, the man's half a foreigner, and I want no parlez-vous in my family."

His letter to Foy had been of the briefest:

"Look round the first thing to-morrow morning; I want to talk to you."

The father was up betimes, too agitated to eat his breakfast. He carried his cup of tea to the study at the back of the dining room, and paced that snug apartment, waiting for Mr. Foy. Upstairs there was wild excitement among the feminine part of the household, rushings and hurrys from room to room—spectral figures in long, white raiment and flowing hair, crimping, plaiting, hooking and eyeing. Here on the ground floor there was an awful quietude.

Presently Gaston Foy came in. He, who was usually so pale, had this morning a hectic spot on each cheek. He, too, shrank in the general excitement. Looking at him closely, Mr. Umpleby saw that his lips were dry and white.

"Nothing wrong with Bella, I hope?" he asked, nervously.

Bella was the bride. "No, there is nothing the matter with Bella, at present. It is about yourself I want to talk. I think—when we first knew you—you told me that you stood quite alone in the world—that you were an orphan—had fought your own way in life—had not a living soul belonging to you."

"All that is quite true," answered Gaston Foy, looking straight at the questioner, with a face that showed no trace of emotion or surprise. "Why discuss the matter this morning? It is not a cheerful subject."

"You have deceived me," said Mr. Umpleby. "I am told you have a sister."

This time the young man was palpably moved. Strong as he was in dissimulation his self-control failed him. For the moment he stood staring blankly at his accuser—wordless. Then he suddenly recovered himself and looked at Mr. Umpleby, pleadingly, with a deprecating smile.

"You have found out my secret," he said, mournfully. "It is a sorrowful one. Yes, I have a sister; yes, I have kept her existence a secret from you, and from all I love in this house. Poor girl! her life has been—a burden to herself and others. An invalid, almost an imbecile, my afflicted sister shrank from the world as the world would have shrunk from her. Had you seen her you might have been prejudiced, you might have regarded her as an obstacle to my marriage."

"You ought to have told me the truth," answered Umpleby, sternly. "I learn that a few days ago this girl was living with you at Parminster. You removed her from there in a weak state of health. Where is she now?"

"At the seaside."

"Where?"

"At Howcomb."

He named a place at least fifty miles from Grandchester.

"Alone?"

"No; with friends of mine."

Mr. Umpleby took a telegraph form from one of the drawers in his desk, and laid it on the blotting pad.

"Write a letter to your Howcomb friends at my dictation, to inquire about your sister's present condition. A few words will do. Thus: 'I am anxious about my sister—please let me know how she is this morning. Answer paid.' The reply can come here. Why do you hesitate?"

"Because your request implies suspicion. I shall send no such telegram. Why should you drag my poor, suffering sister into this day's business? I have told you the truth about her. I have told you why I have hitherto concealed her existence from you and yours. Can you not allow me to forget her, at least for to-day?"

"No; Mr. Foy; I want to have positive proof that your account of this young woman is a true one. I want to know that she is—alive, and in safe hands. When we have settled that question, I shall have to ask you another."

The hectic spots have intensified on the young man's cheeks, leaving the rest of his face livid. He wiped his ashy lips with his handkerchief.

"What question?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### ADVENTURES OF A PICTURE.

We have heard of the adventures of a guinea. The story of a painting brought to Rome by Queen Christina of Sweden is not less interesting. The subject is Leda and her attendant nymphs attacked in a bath by swans. It was painted 367 years ago for the Duke of Mantua, and given by him to the Emperor Charles V. Philippa II. took it from Italy to Spain. It was brought there by the sculptor Leone Leoni, who sold it to a picture dealer for the collection of the Emperor Rodolph II.

The Swedes took it, with other spoils of the Seven Years' War, to Stockholm, where Christina took a fancy to it, and with other treasures transported it to Rome. She left it to Cardinal Azzolino, who died a few months after it was handed over to him. It passed on to his nephew, and was sold by him to Prince Livio Odescalchi, who left it to a cousin, Prince Bardassone Odescalchi, who sold it to the Duc d'Orleans, Regent of France.

His son Louis, Duc d'Orleans, a pious prince, thought the head of Leda too pagan, and had it cut out. Coppel bought the painting and painted in a head from memory. He sold it to Pesquin, a collector, who sold it at a large profit to Frederick the Great. Marshal Davoust took it from a Prussian palace and brought it back to Paris. It was there restored and given back to the King of Prussia in 1815. The head fell off the canvas on the way, and a new head was inserted by Schlesinger.

The picture is now in the possession of the German emperor, who is fascinated by the swans. As he likes to think himself a Lohengrin, this is as it should be. The curious thing is that the artist's name has not gone down to posterity, though the picture has been famous for so many centuries.

### Barkhamstead's War Record.

When the little town of Barkhamstead, in Connecticut, decided to raise the monument to the memory of its dead soldiers, the strange fact developed that the town furnished five more soldiers to the continental armies in the war of the revolution than it did to the federal army in the war of the rebellion. The number of the latter was 125, which is 10 per cent of its present total population.

The Greenland whale, it is said, sometimes attains an age of 400 years.